

# CHURCH OF GOD EVANGEL

"And when the day of Pentecost was fully come they were all with one accord in one place." Acts 1:1.  
"And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance." Acts 2:4.  
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## REMARKABLE INCIDENT

Showing That it is Dangerous to Oppose the "Second Blessing," or Sanctification as Definite

Experience Subsequent to Regeneration—The Tragic End of a Preacher After He Ruined a Whole Family.

[The following incident given me recently by a friend seems providential at this particular time, and it is so fitting to follow the articles of the few weeks past that I feel pressed to give it to the Evangel readers. It will appear in four parts and I advise that you preserve each paper so as to keep the connection.—Ed.]

### PART II.

Walter listened attentively, then said, "Papa, I know our pastor is a good man, and I love him; but I need the experience that evangelist talks about. If I could keep from getting mad I know I would be happier and more useful. I love God and I want to live and help others to Jesus; and I know when I get mad I don't feel like praying for sinners. I first have to ask God to forgive me before I can pray for others. Then suppose a sinner comes up and hears me praying to God for pardon, will he want that kind of religion? Now papa, our pastor said that after we accept Christ our bodies do all the sinning and our souls are clean and holy. The Bible says every sin committed is without the body. Now, are we going to believe God or our pastor? Now, papa, I think we ought to go back to the meeting and get all the religion we want, and let our pastor have what he wants."

Walter's words weighed heavily on the father's mind and in his heart he longed to be at the holiness meeting. But influenced by the pastor he said, "No, son, we won't go any more because our pastor forbids it."

Just like thousands of poor souls are doing today. Their pastors don't believe in holiness; they don't either. The pastor won't go to holiness meetings; they won't either. The holiness-fighting pastor will soon be in hell; and they will too. Great God! open the eyes of the poor pastor-ridden people. We see people today as much under the influence of the pastor as the Catholics are under the priest.

Walter left the room very sad indeed, but prayed the Lord to let them go to the night service.

About night brother Graves and family drove up on their way to church. They didn't understand why brother A. and family were not at church. They were praising God for the new found joy, and asked brother A. why he didn't go to the morning service.

"Well, our pastor came out this morning, and told us some things we didn't know." Then he told brother Graves all about that holiness preacher running off with another man's wife, and warned him to stay away from the meeting.

"Well," said brother Graves, "we all got the blessing last night, and it is too good to give up, no matter what the other fellow did." But brother A., influenced by the pastor, stouted it out, and would not go.

While the older people were talking, Walter and Albert went upstairs to Walter's room, and Albert told Walter that he loved his pastor, but said, "I know he is mistaken about holiness. I know we can have the blessing because I have it." He told Walter how God had taken that awful, hateful anger out, and how happy he was over it. Walter wept while Albert talked. Then he begged Albert to beg his papa to go to the meeting that night. They went down and begged and plead, but in vain. Brother A. was determined to be true to his pastor.

As brother Graves and family drove off to church, Walter broke down and cried, and said, "Papa please go to church tonight; Albert got the blessing today, and he told me how the Lord was blessing him, and I want the

Lord to bless me that way."

The father scolded the child and told him it was settled; they would never attend another holiness meeting.

That night at family prayer Walter noticed that papa didn't pray for the meeting as he promised; in fact, his prayer was short and dry.

The meeting continued, and God blessed many hearts. A holiness church was organized, also a Sunday school and prayer meeting, which proved a great blessing to the community. The Lord put His hand on Albert, Walter's chum, and called him to preach.

The crop was gathered and brother Graves moved to a good holiness school and denied himself and worked hard to give Albert an education.

Brother A. sent Walter to the highest schools in the country; but they don't honor the Lord in these schools as they should, and Walter became a little skeptical. Time passed on. Walter came home well educated, and secured a position in the high school for the next year.

Albert Graves finished his education and returned to his old home to hold a meeting. The meeting began, the power fell, and people were falling in the altar and praying through to victory. So one night Walter decided to go over to the meeting and hear his old chum preach.

Walter was now a backslider and skeptic. He had decided that religion was a failure, and the best thing for him to do was to get all out of the world possible. The father and mother were not the least bit uneasy now, as Walter was educated and wouldn't pay any attention to holiness preaching.

So Walter rode over, hitched his horse, and walked up to take a back seat. Albert was preaching and the power was on him. The saints were under the burden for the lost, and the sinners were trembling on their seats. The sermon was over, the altar call was made, and before Walter thought of himself he was at the altar crying to God for mercy.

The service was over and Walter rode home with a heavy heart. He wept and cried, and regretted that he

didn't get the blessing when Albert did. Next morning at the breakfast table Walter began to compliment Albert's sermon. The father and mother were now holiness fighters, as many become when they fail to walk in the light and get the blessing. So they began to ridicule the holiness folks, and say that it was foolishness for us to think that we can be perfect in this life. Walter contended that we must be holy before we can ever see God.

The father became enraged and said, "Son, I am surprised at you, with your good sense and education, believing in such a doctrine."

The mother joined in and said: "Now, son, if you go off with the holiness people you will have to give up your position in the school, and if I were you I would drop that before you go too far. You remember our good pastor don't believe in that doctrine, and I know he is the best man in the world. He is going to preach us a sermon on holiness next Sunday, and I want you to hear it."

Walter dropped his head and the tears rained in his plate and he said: "You may be right; but I would give the world if I had the experience Albert has."

He went to his room, counted the cost and decided to walk in the counsel of his father and mother.

The week passed, and it was now Sunday morning. So Walter was off with his father and mother to hear the big sermon on holiness by the pastor. As they passed the parsonage the pastor was on the back gallery in his easy chair with a cigar in his mouth, and the smoke curling back over his head.

Walter said to his mother, "That don't look much like a follower of Jesus to me."

"Well," said the mother, "our pastor is so fleshy if he didn't smoke he couldn't do the work he has to do."

They entered the church and Walter took a front seat with his father. The pastor walked into the pulpit smelling like the back door of a back alley saloon, and took his text, "We have all sinned and come short of the glory of God." He said to the sinner, "You must give up your sins if you ever expect to get to heaven." Then he

said to the Christians, "You must sin as long as you live. I sin every day and every hour in the day, and I know I am ready for heaven, a poor sinner saved by grace."

He slashed the holiness folks, and told of a good man that professed the second blessing, but saw his mistake and came back to the church, and what a light he had been ever since. He warned the people against young Mr. Graves' meeting, and told them he was looking for the whole business to go crazy.

Brother A. and family were soon seated around the dinner table, and the mother said, "Son, how did you like the sermon?" Walter replied: "It that is gospel, I don't want to hear any more of it. If that is all there is in religion I don't want it. That preacher said he sinned every day, and that is all the devil can do. I can't see that he is any better than any other sinner. The Bible says that Jesus came to save us from sin, and according to his own statement he is not saved from anything. So I will not go back to the church; I abhor lying, and I cannot afford to be in the church and say I am a Christian, and be sinning all the time."

Walter left the table and went to his room, and decided he would just let religion pass and get all out of the world he could.

Brother A. said to his wife: "I am so glad that Walter didn't go off with the holiness craze. I think it is so misleading; it just ruins a young mind forever. There is poor Albert Graves! He will never amount to anything in this world." The mother said, "Yes, that is true; Walter's education will take him through the world all right."

Albert continued his meeting and souls were being saved all over the country. The week passed, and it was now Saturday morning. Walter took his seat at the breakfast table, but did not eat any breakfast. His face was pale, and his lips quivered. The mother became alarmed, and asked him the trouble.

Walter, with a quivering voice, said: "I have been in awful agony of soul all night."

Continued on page 4.



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A. J. TOMLINSON, - - Editor and Publisher

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T. L. McLain Sam. C. Perry  
Flavius J. Lee A. J. Lawson  
Geo. T. Brounayer R. M. Singleton  
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## EDITORIAL NOTES

The Assembly opens November 2, but all who attend should arrive in Cleveland November 1st if possible.

There will be no issue of the Evangel Assembly week. We will be sorry to miss this issue, but owing to the many duties demanded of us that week it will be impossible unless we had more means.

Hope the dear friends will remember that the Assembly is no place for children. We trust the previous explanation is sufficient, so no one will feel hurt or take any exceptions to this.

The expenses will be met by the free will offering plan as usual, so no one should feel cramped, or hesitate to come for fear of being a burden. We will expect for love and self-sacrifice to predominate at all hours. A card addressed to this office giving the number expecting to attend from each place or individual will be helpful to the entertainment committee in their arrangements.

## Crab Orchard, Tenn.

Dear Editor and all the Saints:

Greetings in Jesus name: Five followed our Lord in water baptism here Sunday. We had Lord's Supper and feet washing Sunday night and the Lord's presence was surely felt. There was shouting and dancing under His mighty power.

Some had gotten cold but they were fired up and are now rejoicing in His love. We had a large crowd and good attention. There are so many here that do not believe this way.

We ask the prayers of all the saints that we may live humble and in the center of His will and be ready when our Lord comes or calls.

Yours under the blood,  
Wm. McBride.

## Coffeeville, Miss.

To the Church of God Evangel:

We have closed a three week's meeting here.

Brother M. S. Lemons, of Cleveland, Tenn., did the preaching, and Brother E. Haynes and wife led the singing. Brother Scott Haynes and wife were camped on the ground and rendered much service in song, testimony and prayer. We had two pianos which added strength and volume to the services. Many saints from neighboring churches were with us and left a blessing.

The Lord manifested His presence and a number were converted, sanctified and baptized with the Spirit. Fifteen were baptized in water and ten added to the church.

Arrangements were made for Brother Lemons and workers to hold our camp meeting next year, the Lord willing.

We crave an interest in the prayers of the church, for the Church of God at Gatewood.

Oh, may God's protecting care be over all.

Your brother and sister,  
A. B. and Pearl Adams.

## Lulu, Fla.

Dear Brother Tomlinson and Evangel readers:

Greetings in Jesus' name: Our beloved pastor, E. B. Culpepper, and myself went over to the Woods School house the 8th to hold a meeting. The Lord blessed with much power is giving out the word. The people were very much interested. Some said they were going to quit their bad habits and one man gave his tobacco away.

I hope to see the Church of God set in order as soon as the people can see the light on it and meet the conditions.

Brother Culpepper is now at Providence.

Pray for this little band, as we are somewhat scattered here. May the Lord bless you.

Your brother,  
W. S. Tyre.

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A. J. TOMLINSON

Editor and Publisher

2525 Gaut St., CLEVELAND, TENN

## THE "AFTER MEETING"

Sam C. Perry

"Then shall two be in the field; the one shall be taken and the other left."

"Two women shall be grinding at the mill: the one shall be taken and the other left. Matt. 24:40-41.

"And while they went to buy, the bridegroom came; and they that were ready went in with him to the marriage: and the door was shut.

"Afterward came also the other virgins saying Lord, Lord open to us.

"But he answered and said verily I say unto you I know you not. Matt. 25:10-12.

The scene is just after the great rapture, the catching away of the saints. This will take place when Jesus comes with a shout and the voice of an arch angel and the trump of God shall sound. I Thess. 4:6-17. There will naturally be a great stir among men when the dead in Christ come forth from the tomb and the living saints are translated, all gathering together with Christ in the heavens, and there will be special sorrow and disappointment among those have studied the subject of Jesus' coming for years, witnessed the signs of His coming, yet did not live near enough to Him to be caught away, and after all, find themselves with the "left ones." What an assembly of noble, intelligent people. Among them are the leading business men of the town and community. Some of the leading church workers, too, and leaders of religion are there.

Let us notice the experiences related by some in this great "after meeting," as they tell how they missed the rapture and are now left to face the horrors of the tribulation.

A minister of the gospel is first to speak. With unusual earnestness he speaks of the sad plight in which he and all his hearers find themselves, and attributes it to their lack of deep spirituality. He acknowledges that the doctrines of men and the spirit of the world too largely dominated all their efforts for God, thus keeping them from that close touch with God that would have enabled them to gain a place in the first resurrection company. He concluded by saying, "The glories of the rapture we have missed, but there is yet hope for us. Come up through the "great tribulation" to a place with the redeemed. We may be among them, though to do so will mean suffering such as

God's people have been seldom called upon to endure. Let us take courage then and hold true to the word of the Lord Jesus Christ, even if it shall mean martyrdom for him."

Next a man of perhaps fifty, arose and began to speak, saying, "I have judged myself for years to be an average Christian, but for the past few days my business has been unusually pressing, so that I have scarcely had time to eat and sleep, and I really did not intend to put my Lord and Master aside but other things filled my thoughts, and when He came I was out of touch. I must acknowledge that although I have been first in prayer, witnessing, giving, etc., in our church services, yet I have failed, missed the highest glory my Master purchased for me, and all for just a little of the world."

The next to speak was an old lady, whose face and general conduct was such as to easily place her as a devoted child of God in the estimation of all who met her in the devotional meetings, both at the church and elsewhere: "I am humiliated, dearly beloved, beyond expression," she said, "to have to confess that the crowning day has taken me unawares. Home cares, and the common vexations of life have taken too much of my time and thought to the neglect of that close walk with God that I now see was so necessary. Think of the pride in home affairs, bringing the children to a place of standing in the world, etc. What is the value of all such when I have missed the highest glory of my Lord? My heart is broken at the thought."

A young business man arose next. He appeared to be conversant with the full plan of redemption. Every word he uttered seemed to be just in place. He went on to say that in the beginning of his religious experience God had blessed him most powerfully, but conditions in human society were such that a man could not hope to have much standing in the world unless he had some financial ability, and that since the business world about him offered such wonderful opportunities for making money, and many good men were engaged in business for this purpose, he felt justified in laying out the full strength of his life to that end also, using all the ordinary busi-

ness methods and usages of other worldly men. He concluded by saying, "I see now that I have been deceived by the god of this world. Oh, that I could have seen when first saved the force of those words of Jesus. "If any man will save his life he shall lose it."

Many others spoke of that which had kept them from being ready to meet Jesus. Some had failed to bridle the tongue, some were covetous, had put their attention too much to their property, others had been careless, and allowed little habits to come in between them and the Master, while others had neglected prayer and were void of that deep love of God that keeps all the way. Among others a young lady of beautiful appearance arose and said, "I have tried for quite a while to be a servant of the Lord, but felt that to do so acceptably it was not necessary for me to give up the fashions of the world, although on many occasions the most spiritual Christians and ministers have declared against extravagance in dress. I now see my mistake, these things have kept me from going with this glorious company that is now with the Master, safe from this world's darkest hour. What I could not, would not see then, I am compelled to own now when it is too late."

## Calhoun, Ga.

In our last report we were beginning a meeting in a shed of a planing mill four miles from Crane Eater.

We came here intending to hold a meeting under a large union tabernacle, but two of the trustees refused to let us have the tabernacle, saying that we disturbed the neighborhood wherever we went.

While Paul was at Thessalonica the unbelieving Jews said "These that have turned the world upside down are come hither also."

When they refused to let us preach we invited the congregation to come out in the big road in front of the tabernacle where we preached with much liberty. We came out singing "While the Years Roll On." The power fell, the saints began to shout, dance and talk in tongues.

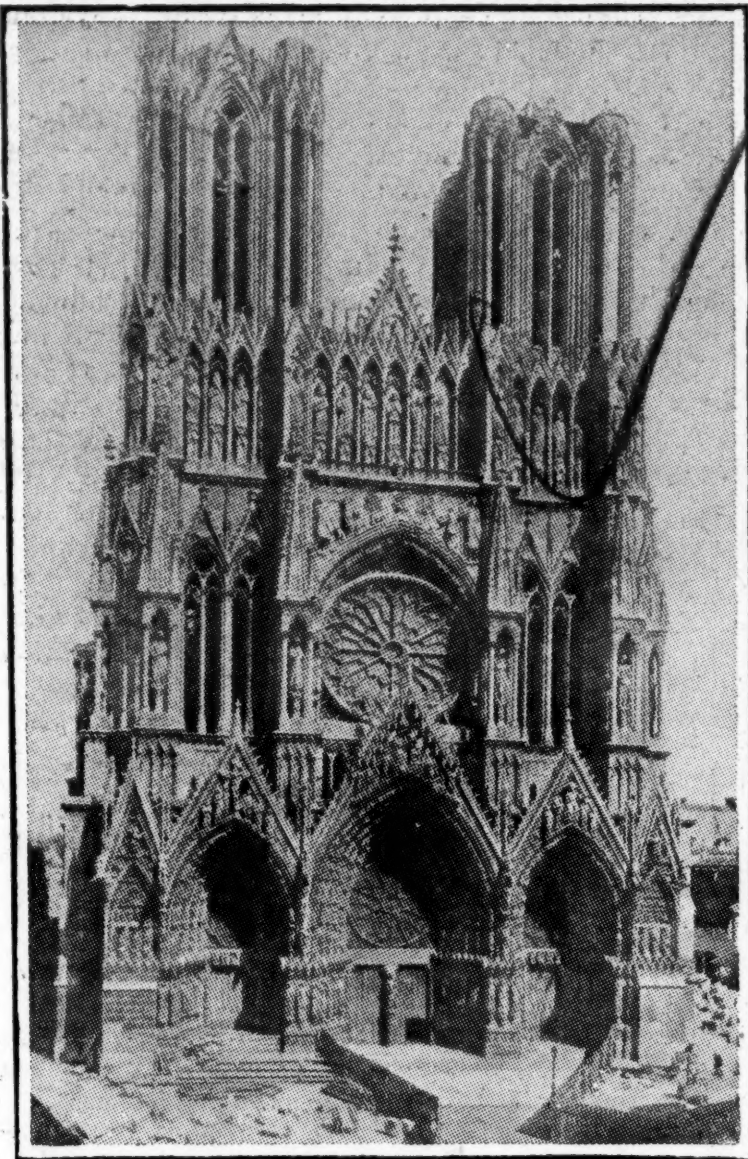
Mr. Gillespie an unsaved man invited us to have services at his mill. The Lord began to bless in a wonderful way.

Supernatural fire was seen around the building several times. We have not been able to keep the number saved and sanctified but 28 received the Holy Ghost 24 added to the church, 22 baptized in water.

Yours in the battle for souls.  
Sallie O. Lee,  
and Workers.



## DR. GUSH'S CHURCH



O, what a beautiful church! A complete cathedral! Rich, transparent and highly adorned in her colossal coquetry, she seems to be waiting a festival and is not disturbed because it does not take place. She is charged and overcharged with sacredotal emblems, and symbolizes the union of heaven and earth. On the exterior rails of the transept the devils romp and play; they slide down the sharp inclines; and they make faces at the town and the people that are pilloried at the foot of the angels' tower.

What a marvel of architecture and sculpture with its army of five thousands statues which flash in the rays of the setting sun the resplendent windows of its pined pacade like a wall of sparkling jewels.

Words fail me. I can't possibly tell all the magnificence of this wonderful structure. It was built at a cost of over \$2,000,000. The inside of this church is 466 feet long and 121 feet high. Every portion is adorned in the most wonderful and picturesque representations that will ever be seen this side of paradise.

Yes, there is room for many people there, and O, what must be the dignity of Rt. Rev. Dr. Gush on Sabbath mornings to take the pulpit in such a wonderful church! Did I say his salary was \$5,000 a year? It ought to be \$20,000 at least.

I wonder where Christ might be found in this wonderful church? Would it be in the pulpit, where the minister is a hireling? Would it be in the pew, where the member is trying to buy transportation on Sunday for the beautiful city? Would it be in the choir, where the singers are singing to be heard of men and for money, and not unto the Lord? Would it be at the altar when there is no altar except at a wedding? O, tell me where will I find Christ, tell me, tell me.

I will beget me to the church parlors and see if I can find Him there. No, I don't think He is there, for here are conveniences for bridge, and euchre, and dancing, but no place for Christ.

I believe Christ has been in this church for I see his likeness in the great windows, feeding the lambs, and calling the children around Him and blessing them. On the walls are representations of His passion, the garden of Gethsemane, the resurrection; but where is he now? Brother, sister, whisper low, I think carefully—where is He—where is He—He's—gone.

O, I admire that great church! I admire it as I do the Garden of the Gods in Colorado, the statue of liberty in New York harbor, the vatican at Rome, the magnificent city of Paris, ancient Athens; every word I have written about it is sincere;

but the question comes to me whether or not I can find my Savior there.

There is too much in life of disappointment, and misfortune for me to be uncertain about whether or not I am where my Savior will be with me.

I am glad the world has built all these beautiful buildings, churches, cathedrals, monuments, fine arts buildings for our pleasure, but I can't forget amid it all that Christ must be near me or I shall not be happy.

It is likely many of you have seen the above church before, and if you have it will have all the more meaning to you.

I wonder who could join this church? Could you and I, who are hired out, receiving our wages, monthly or weekly, our little wages? Could our sainted mothers, who, many of them, have never had abundance? No. I think not.

These are built for people who have money, and money is the chief recommendation for membership. Ben Jonson's kind can join this church. Ben Jonson was rich; when he joined the church and was admitted to sacrament he was so glad to join that he drank all the wine himself.

And this is Dr. Gush's church. You can't wonder at the kind of sermon he must preach, or the singing he must have, or the plans for raising money; no, we hand it to him, he is right in his church, they all go together.

But home with me my gentle reader and I will take you to a place that you will know: where it stands in the valley by the wildwood or to the little hall rented in the city or the tabernacle, and there my heart goes tonight—a church with no pretentious ornamentation, no pipe organ, perhaps, no towering spires and thousand dollar windows, but O, I thank my God, the Christ is there, and in the hearts of his people. God the Master Builder, is erecting a temple that in grace and beauty that the great church above bears no resemblance to; just a church or a tabernacle, with no floors perhaps, but again I say, Jesus is there.

The beautiful spires and statues of Dr. Gush's church will not seem more beautiful and will not send the thrill through your soul like this does—O, the power, the victory—the glory in that place that I am going to show you. I am hundreds of miles from most of you but we will re-

joice together in that place.

## PENTECOSTAL CAMPAIGN

Now brother, you know where to find Christ Jesus the Lord. Yes, it's mighty to go to a great church and listen to the thousand dollar sermons and singing, but I must tell you, my dear, sweet friend, that when I want to find my Savior I will go where there are Pentecostal people.

I love to see pictures of Christ in the stained windows, but I'd rather be in the church at Cleveland like it was one night when sister McLain under the power of the Holy Ghost saw Jesus walking up the aisles, "where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." And it's beautiful to see the picture of the Christ bearing the burden for us in the Garden, but it's more wonderful in these days to have the Holy Spirit to make intercessions through us with groanings that cannot be uttered.

Just a tabernacle—that's all. There are no angels' towers on it—no famous portals—no ornament whatever—just Oak Hill tabernacle—but thank God, it's pentecostal.

You can go to the great Dr. Gush's church, if you wish, but you know where I go. I was in a certain southern city on Sunday morning at a down town hotel. I came from my room about 9 o'clock and not far away were two churches with their spires reaching to heaven. I looked at them and I saw pouring into them people—proud, gaudily dressed—worldly—and they were leaders of the church. I said to myself I want to go where there is power in Salvation, so I took an East Lake car and the dear people of Chattanooga know where I went. There in their tabernacle I didn't see stained windows, great paintings, costly carpet, kneeling boards, a pipe organ, a four thousand dollar choir, a five thousand dollar preacher, a billiard parlor, a euchre parlor—No I didn't see that at all—but I did see sister Pettett—God bless her—speak in new tongues and give the interpretation—I heard brother Scott—heaven prosper his labors—take for his text, "And when the day of pentecost was fully come\*\*", I heard the choir sing with the glory rolling, "One of them, one of them, I'm so glad that I can say I'm one of them." Yes and there is where one was healed of pellagra—one was blind and his sight was restored, and let me say

above all things—the people lived right.

Dr. Gush may have his ways and his church, but give me, O, give me the church in the valley by the wildwood, or the glory that has filled my soul when I was in the tabernacle in South Cleveland, as brother Headrick would say, "Well, glory to God!" Or let me enjoy the salvation of the people at Cedar Hill, or Wimauma or Wauchula or Parish—Thank God anywhere the people are saved, sanctified and baptized with the Holy Ghost.

I would write more but I have written enough. You know all these things I have written, but what is written is written. Good night to you all.

Papers to appear later will be: "A young man in a popular church—Dr. Gush's church." "A little girl in Dr. Gush's church."

Cascilla, Miss.

Dear Brother Tomlinson and all the Saints of God:

I feel I must praise God for what he has done for us here.

We had a wonderful meeting at Shady Grove. It began July 23rd and closed August 8th. Fifteen or more received the Holy Ghost. Several backslidden ones were reclaimed, and quite a number saved and sanctified and seeking the baptism. Twenty-three baptized in water. Seven added to the church.

It is wonderful how the people are walking in the light and are trusting God for healing. Praise His name!

The last night of the meeting we had sacrament and washed the saints' feet. It was the most blessed service that I was ever in. The Lord certainly blessed His children as they obeyed Him.

We are still praying God to give us a Pentecostal school here at Shady Grove, and I want to say that we are in need of a Holy Ghost teacher and if there is any one that feels that the Lord is leading them out in that kind of work, we would be glad to hear from them.

I want to ask all of the Church of God to pray earnestly that we might have a school here. Our children are persecuted so in the other schools that we are compelled to do something.

Brother M. S. Haynes, our beloved pastor, was assisted in the meeting by Brother A. B. Adams and wife. The last few days we had with us Brother E. Haynes and wife. Pray for this community.

Your brother,  
H. S. Harris.



## REMARKABLE

## INCIDENT

Continued from page 1

I feel like God is giving me my last call. Oh, how, I regret that I ever backslid! I feel like I ought to go over to Albert's meeting this morning and give my heart to God."

The father began to scold him, and tell him how silly he was, and the best thing he could do was to forget that holiness meeting and go on about his business.

The mother told him to wait and go to hear their pastor Sunday, and if he wanted to he could come back to the church and they would fellowship him again and he would be all right.

Walter said: "Mother, that won't do me any good. My soul is heavy. Oh how I wish I had some one to pray for me."

Brother A. stepped to the phone and called the pastor, and in a short time he was there. They were all seated in the parlor, and the pastor was told the trouble.

So he said to Walter: "I am sorry to find you in all this trouble, and I think it all unnecessary. But that is what people get that attend that holiness meeting. I am real sorry that man ever came to our neighborhood preaching that dangerous doctrine. He has carried several of my best members off with him. And not a few are all torn up and are in trouble like you are. I don't know what steps to take in regard to the meeting. Several of my members will look me right in the face and say they are sanctified, and I can't do one thing with them. I feel like we ought to run him out of the country. It is so silly for educated people to go off with that ignorant crowd."

When he said ignorant, trashy crowd, that made Walter mad and his conviction left him, and he said: "You need not try to make me believe any such stuff. I know there is not a nicer young man to be found than Albert Graves. I have known him all my life, and I know he is a gentleman in every respect, and the best preacher I ever heard. So if you are going to talk about holiness folks, be sure to tell the truth."

The pastor saw that he was beaten, and turning off with a big laugh began to talk about the ball game, which the Y. M. C. A. and the league were to play that afternoon. He bragged on the league team, and insisted that Walter go over and join them. The father and moth-

er joined in; and begged him to go to the ball game instead of the holiness meeting. So Walter decided to go to the ball game. The pastor took his hat and left, tickled to think the holiness people wouldn't get that young man.

The mother prepared Walter's ball suit, and at 1 o'clock he mounted his fine horse and rode away to the ball ground. The mother's heart leaped with joy as her boy rode away, and she watched him until his prancing steed took him out of sight. She thanked God that He had spared her to see her boy grown and educated. She had decided that she did not want him to preach, but she wanted him to make a mark in the world. She thought it so nice for young men to play ball; it is such good exercise. Now she turned to her easy chair and took up the daily paper, hoping that the League would beat the Y. M. C. A.

About this time Albert, the young preacher, walked in. Sister A. was surprised, as she had sent him word to stay away and quit talking holiness to Walter. She could see from the expression of his face that he was under an awful burden. She was sorry that he came, but as he was there she was anxious for him to explain himself. The young man of course begged her pardon and asked if he could speak to Walter.

Mrs. A. with a hard, rough reply said: "No, I am glad to inform you that you can't see my boy today. I am sorry you came back to this country preaching that dangerous second blessing doctrine. Walter was so troubled this morning he couldn't eat any breakfast, and said he was so bothered he didn't sleep any last night. But we sent for our pastor this morning and he straightened him out, and we sent him to the ball game this afternoon, and I am real glad he is away. It is such a pity that you ever became infatuated with that foolish second blessing doctrine. You were such a bright boy, I thought you would make a mark in the world, but you have certainly missed it. Walter has a position in the high school, but look at you, strolling around over the country preaching the second blessing. I am ashamed of you. Walter was so happy and lively when he came home from school, but your preaching has caused him, to be sad and heartbroken. I hate to look at him. I do hope he will never hear you preach

again. To our surprise he wanted to go back to hear you preach this morning, and we were determined that he should not go. He is at the ball game now, and you need not bother yourself about him. So if that is all you can take your hat and be gone."

(To Be Continued.)

## Assembly Supplies.

I'm sure the sisters will be interested to know about the bedding, etc., that has been sent in to help make comfortable those that attend the assembly.

We have on hand now 32 quilts, 2 blankets, 12 sheets, 5 pillows, 19 pairs of pillow cases, 1 spread and a few dishes of different kinds.

These have been sent by friends from the different states where the Church of God is located.

We expect other supplies will be brought by the friends when they come to the Assembly which convenes the first of November.

Mrs. A. J. Tomlinson.

## REPORT

Just closed a twelve days' meeting at Beltonia, Ala.

The dear Lord sure did bless us. Praise His name. We slipped on the devil over there and began preaching the Word in all of its fullness and with love, and praise God, eleven received the Holy Ghost and all talked in tongues as the Spirit gave utterance.

We had sister Burton with us and the Lord did a wonderful work through her.

Six were baptized in water Sunday, and eleven came into the dear old Church of God. We had the Lord's Supper and washed the saints' feet.

We had the band with us, and while they played there was much shouting, dancing and talking in tongues for the power was there.

We leave many hungry souls, pray for them.

Pray for us that we may stay humble at Jesus' feet. We can't do the big things but thank God, we can do the little things.

John Burk and Wife.

## Another One Gone.

Sister of Lula L. Jones, of Clearwater, Fla., departed this life Sept. 2, 1915. Sister Jones writes, she died happy and her last words were, "Tell mamma and papa and all the rest to join the pentecostal Church." She then said, "I am tickled to death."

Those few words were worth more to me, than I can tell. Dear Grace is gone,

but O, how blessed to be with Jesus! While I miss my darling sister, I do not weep as those that have no hope. I know that God doeth all things well.

She was laid away in the family cemetery September 3. Aaron Smith conducted the funeral service.

She leaves five brothers, four sisters and father and mother. These are all unsaved but the writer. Pray that I may hold on to God's unchanging hand until He saves them all.

Lula L. Jones.

## Gone Home.

Our dear mother, Mrs. Pochahontus Hightower, departed this life August 26th, 1915. She leaves five children to mourn her death.

She was a devout member of the Church of God, baptized with the Holy Ghost August 22, 1914, and joined the church March 9, 1915. She believed in divine healing. She asked the saints to pray for her but the dear Lord knew best and He took her to that beautiful home just over the stars. Our loss is heaven's gain.

Mother was 67 years, 3 months and 29 days old. Had been a member of the Methodist church until last March when she heard the Church of God preached by brother T. S. Payne and like all the true sheep, she came into the fold. She was always ready to speak a word for Jesus and it was her greatest delight.

Our mother has left us to cross the Jordan's tide. They are crossing one by one to heaven's side.

Some of her children are not ready to meet her and I ask the saints to pray for them.

A devoted son,

G. E. Hightower.

## Harriman, Tenn.

Dear Brother Tomlinson and All the Saints.

Greeting in Jesus' Name—We have just closed a meeting at Freedonia, Tenn. We left the devil mad.

They tried to mob us Monday night, but the Lord gave us the victory. Tuesday night they got behind the house and shot at us through the walls, but the Lord delivered us safely. Praise God for such a wonderful salvation.

One saved one sanctified, one baptized with the Holy Ghost and one reclaimed. We left many seekers

Pray for that place. Some of the Baptist people tried to get us to leave that place

but we did not leave until God said leave.

The meeting was held by brothers Beard, Taylor and myself. Pray for us.

Your brother in Christ,  
Will Fish.

## Billie Green

Went home after a few days of suffering. He was a member of the Church of God at Brownstown, near Harriman, Tenn. He was loved by all his acquaintances. His wife died only two months before. He leaves several children and grand children who will greatly miss him. One daughter has the Holy Ghost. We shall meet again, but we miss brother Green now.

John Devlin.

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